

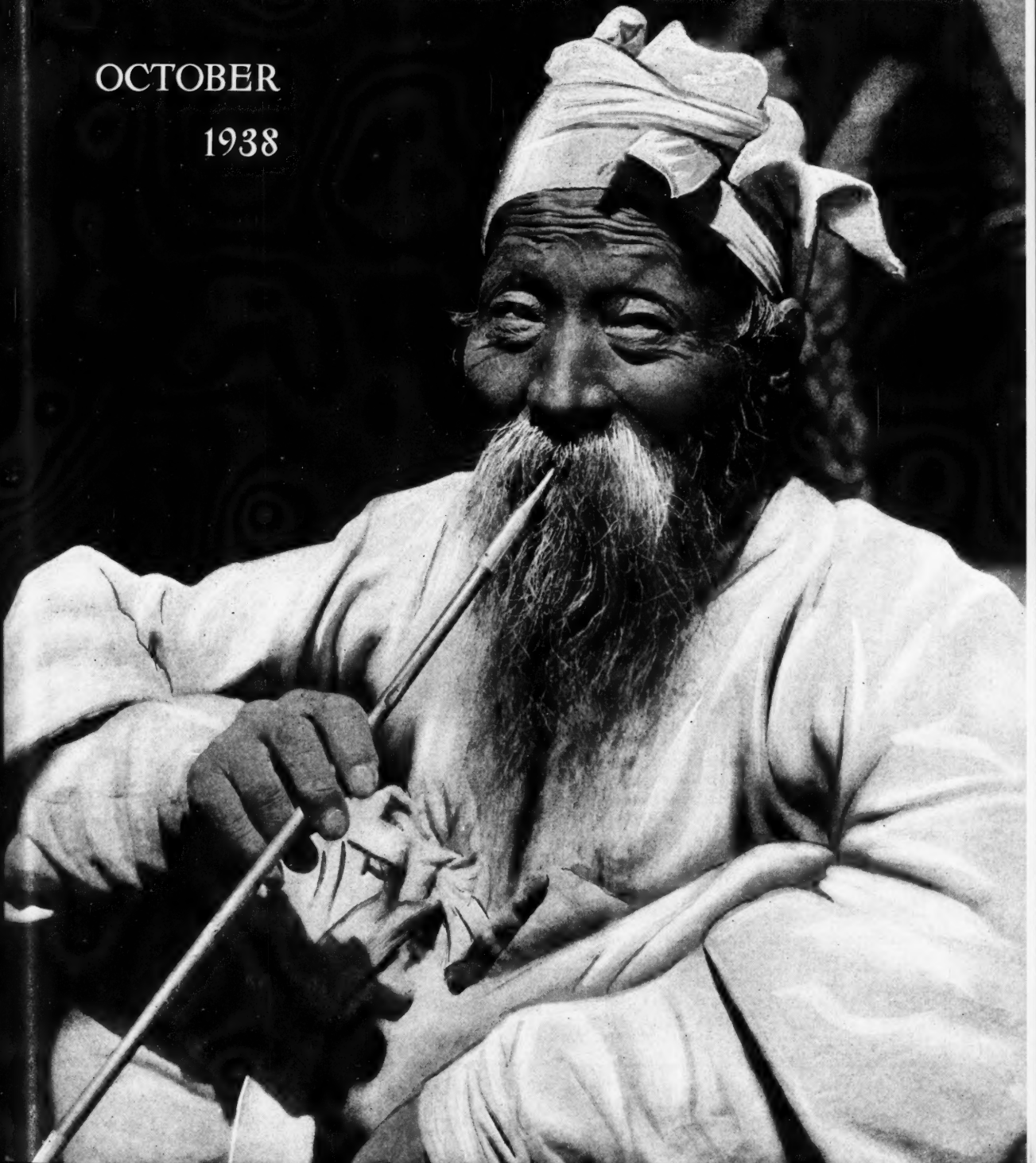


THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

OCTOBER

1938



A LIST OF CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

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Mt. St. Mary's College & Eccl. Sem., Emmitsburg, Md.
Sacred Hearts Academy, No. Fairhaven, Mass.
Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.
St. Michael's College, Winooski Park, Vt.
St. Aloysius Academy for Boys, West Chester, Pa.

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St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Md.
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I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the
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insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said *Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.,* for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

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Our Cover

An old Korean gentleman puffing tranquilly in the Land of Morning Calm.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

Contents for the Month of October, 1938 (Vol. XXXII, No. 10)

<i>Korea—Land of Promise</i>	259	<i>Bounty Page</i>	276
<i>Korean Characters</i>	262	<i>St. Peter's Bark Heaves to at Mampo</i>	278
<i>Knoll Notes</i>	264	<i>Peng Yang—Ten Years After</i>	279
<i>"They Also Serve"</i>	266	<i>Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau</i>	280
<i>West of the River</i>	267	<i>Our World of Missions</i>	282
<i>Mother Hubbard</i>	268	<i>Another Milestone in Korea</i>	284
<i>Editorials</i>	270	<i>Matriculation in Assorted Calor'es</i>	286
<i>Korean Kiddies</i>	272	<i>Maryknoll Juniors</i>	287
<i>On the Maryknoll Newsfront</i>	274		

Subscription rates: one dollar (\$1.00) a year; five dollars (\$5.00) for six years; fifty dollars (\$50.00) for life.

Make checks and money orders payable to: The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y.

Entered at Post Office, Maryknoll, N. Y., as
SECOND CLASS MATTER

Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917; authorized Nov. 21, 1921.

THE FIELD AFAR is indexed in *The Catholic Periodical Index*, to be found in public libraries.

MARYKNOLL: An American foundation for foreign missions which includes two distinct Societies, one for priests and Brothers and one for Sisters.

The Maryknoll Fathers

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Mission Society of America, Inc.
(legal title)

Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M.,
Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

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***Queen of the
Missions—***

This concept of Our Lady as Queen of the Missions stands on the grounds of St. Columban's, preparatory school of the Columban Fathers, Bristol, R. I.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

October, 1938

KOREA—Land of Promise

Father William R. Booth, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Administrator of the Prefecture of Peng Yang, sketches Maryknoll's work in Korea during the past fifteen years.

KOREA—vast, almost unknown country of the Orient—is the peninsula which falls jointly from the eastern border of Manchukuo and the southern tip of Siberia. Maintaining its own language, customs, and dress, while under Japanese rule, it is a country distinct from Nippon and from China. American missionaries find a great resemblance between the Koreans and the Eskimos of Alaska. But, above all, they find the country a *Land of Promise*, as far as conversions are concerned. So rapidly and to so great an extent have conversions multiplied within the last decade, that Maryknollers now, with an eye to the future, build their churches and chapels in such a way that extensions—surely necessary—may be built when the walls refuse to bulge farther.

Almost halfway between the southern tip and the northern boundary of the Korean peninsula lies the city of Peng Yang, the center for the Maryknoll Korean Mission. The ruins of the old wall which once surrounded this fortified citadel are still visible, though no longer in use. At one time they enclosed an ancient Korean king's palace, which today serves as a government hospital. Here in Peng Yang was fought the decisive battle of the Chinese-Japanese war, late in the nineteenth century; from here, a decade later, the vanguard of the defeated Russian army be-

gan its retreat towards Moscow.

Peng Yang has been witness not only to these events of world history, but also to religious persecution. In beautiful *Moram Bong* (Peony Park) stands a stone tablet, proclaiming the edict of a Korean king, proscribing the Christian religion. When numberless missionaries from France and Korean natives had offered their lives in testimony of their Faith, zealous priests of

the Paris Foreign Mission Society continued anew their apostolate, choosing this city as the center of their activities.

Late in the nineteenth century, missionaries representing the Presbyterian and Methodist sects came to Peng Yang and began the development of a very successful work. Primary schools and churches led the way to high schools for boys and girls, a college for men, and a



Three Korean priests, ordained on the feast of St. Benedict at St. Benedict's Abbey, Tuk Won



"Lead, Kindly Light"

With a safety match, a Maryknoll missionary in Korea tries his hand at leading an old grandfather to the light of Faith.

hospital. In the ensuing years, thirty-five church buildings were erected in different parts of the city.

The development of the Catholic Church in Peng Yang is not so remarkable. Born in an era of persecution, it began in a small way. Although its growth was consistently steady, it has been more or less dwarfed by modern developments. Catholics in this city number about three thousand, divided between two parishes, while a third church ministers to the spiritual needs of a small number of Japanese who are mostly emigrants from Catholic communities in Japan proper.

When Maryknollers first came to Peng Yang, in 1923, they were occupied with the difficult task of going out after the scattered sheep—many of whom lived in remote mountainous districts. Gradually, mission stations were erected as often as new assignments of priests were sent out from the Home

Knoll. But men and dollars were few in those years, and, consequently, the work of conversion went on slowly.

And yet today—although the increase in personnel is still not what it should be—results are heartening, and the possibilities for souls great. With the thirty-one Maryknoll priests laboring in the twenty-two scattered mission stations of this district, are three native Korean priests, three Maryknoll Brothers, twenty-four Maryknoll Sisters, and nine native Sisters.

Sixty-three schools keep the pastors and teachers busy and gray—though not for the same reason. But these schools are somewhat minimized by the glory that is ours in the outstanding grade school

which we have here in Peng Yang. It is our first noteworthy accomplishment in a material way. Second to none in the country in the matter of appointment and equipment, it is staffed by zealous Catholic teachers and has an overflow of one thousand pupils, with a constant waiting list. This school brings great face to the Church—and in the Orient face is a commodity that cannot be disregarded, since material success opens the way to spiritual conquest. We like to point with pride to our school, which has Government recognition, and which will be a great factor in bringing many more souls to Christ.

While several dispensaries have been operating in some of the missions, and one of them, that at Shingishu, boasts of an operating room with a Sister Doctor in charge, we have not yet been able to even think of building a hospital—a prime necessity. With our own fifty Maryknollers here, and a greater number of native clergy, Sisters, and seminarians to care for, the need of a hospital constantly looms larger. Our twenty thousand scattered Christians and the numerous catechumens and pagans who come to us seeking solace for their physical ailments remind us constantly that "the flesh is heir to many human ills"—but there's nothing much we can do about it just at present.

The hope of the Church in any land lies in its native clergy and sisterhoods, and here in the Peng Yang Prefecture we have been mindful of the need of building up a body of Korean priests and Sisters. We have shelved the problem of a local seminary, since that of our neighboring vicariate is close enough to satisfy for the little group of young men from this mission who are preparing for the altar. Six years ago, however, we initiated, under the Maryknoll Sisters, a novitiate for a native Korean sisterhood. We began, as did Maryknoll on more than one occasion, with a half-dozen recruits, in a low-pitched native building. Besides the fact that the American Sisters have always to 'duck' in and out the doors, they have discovered that the walls are not made of rubber, that they will not expand. With the community growing to such proportions,

CHARITY must expand, or it will die.

the many little buildings must be abandoned for a more substantial structure. Last March official approval was received for the canonical establishment of the Congregation of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and sixteen young Korean Sisters will be the first products of the new sisterhood, a sisterhood with no Motherhouse—to speak of!

The spring of 1939 will be a banner year for the Peng Yang Mission. It will witness the ordination of three Korean priests, two of whom will have finished their course in Rome—the first to do so in the history of Korea. The third will finish his course in the Provincial Seminary, St. Benedict's Abbey at Tuk Won.

When we recall that less than fifty years ago the Church in this land was just emerging from the catacombs—more than ten thousand martyrs having laid down their lives for the Faith—we realize what remarkable progress has been made. In the year 1890, there was not one native priest nor a single church building in the land. Today there are over a hundred Korean priests—now preparing for their first Korean bishop—while cathedral spires, as well as the towers of a hundred or more lesser edifices, stretch toward the sky.

Do you wonder that we speak of Korea as *The Land of Promise*? Today there are one hundred and twenty thousand Korean Catholics, who are splendid representatives of



Father George M. Carroll, of City Island, N. Y. C., talks shop to two of his doctrine students, while another two listen in contentedly.

Catholicity among their twenty million fellow countrymen. When we entered this field fifteen years ago, there were but four thousand five hundred Catholics. The number of baptisms for that year was 877. For 1937 there were 2,690, with several of our priests each having more than five hundred baptisms.

Under God, the prayers and sac-

rifices of our benefactors have made possible this development, and we are sure they will be prime factors in continuing to make Korea *The Land of Promise*.

Crusader Bishop

MARYKNOLL is quite delighted to find that one who for a score of years has been an ardent promoter of missions has been called by the Holy See to the episcopate. Word comes from Rome that the new head of the Diocese of Concordia, Kansas, will be the Most Reverend Frank A. Thill, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Twenty years ago, a group of seminarians from Cincinnati—under the direction of their rector, now Archbishop Beckman of Dubuque—assumed by their zeal the leadership in an inter-seminary meeting at Techny, Ill., for the organization of the Catholic Students Mission Crusade. As a result, Frank Thill, at the time not yet ordained, returned home with the task of first National Crusade Secretary. Monsignor Beckman set apart a seminary room for him as office and, with judgment and energy which were to make his work outstanding and place their stamp on the entire Crusade movement, the young Cincinnati undertook the development of the Crusade. Its eminent place today among mission organizations in the United States is in great part his achievement.

Maryknoll's heartfelt congratulations to Bishop Thill!

Combs for Sale

Such good humor could neither be passed nor surpassed. Missioners have taught these salesmen how to comb the whole countryside through their cheery encounters with customers—many of whom get "the pearl of great price" with their purchases.





KOREAN CHARACTERS—

Father Leo Sweeney, of New Britain, Conn., sketches "Charlie the Chisler" and "Peter the Pilgrim," two oldsters of his Korean parish.

Charlie the Chisler

HE was a carver of idols.

He had always been a carver of idols; but he was getting old, and the idol market was in a slump. He had no grudge against modern materialism or "new reli-

gion," for he had never analyzed the cause of the slump. All he knew was that idols were out of fashion and he was out of a living.

The wind that whipped the dead leaves off the trees picked him up somewhere and dropped him on our doorstep. From years on the open road he was as brown as a leaf, and as spent. He was glad of a place to stay. It would take a stancher heart than the ordinary human is gifted with, to crave the open road by day and the closed gate at night at the age of seventy-five.

We took him in. Would he try his trembling hands at carving a crucifix? He would, gladly. We got him a chisel or two and a block of wood. We needed a large crucifix for our church.

He set to work, but carving is slow work. Another worked on him while he worked on the wood.

They say it can't be done, but he did it: he chiseled his way into heaven. His earthly masterpiece was never finished.

Peter the Pilgrim

PETER was a Korean pilgrim, a wayfarer in this passing world. No tentacles of earthly possessions, no fixed abode, ever succeeded in entwining themselves about his heart.

Peter labored not, neither did he spin anything except fantastic webs of fiction. Sordid gain was not in his line. Money, to him, was only a means to an end. Whatever Dame Fortune dropped into his lap, he distributed promptly, liberally, but judiciously to poor tavern keepers along his way.

How, when, or where he became a Christian, I do not know, but the recording angel has surely noted that Peter never passed a Catholic mission without favoring the pastor with a brief visit. He came, he spun a beautiful web of fiction about your ears, graciously set you free again for a mere half yen, and was gone. You wouldn't see him for six months.

Only once did Peter interrupt his wayfaring, and that for no less noble a purpose than to instruct the young men of a pagan village, and for no less a period than a full month, with no remuneration other than bed and board. When his work was done, he quietly slipped away, as quietly as an Iroquois scout, so quietly in fact that the village wanted to know more about this self-effacing apostle. He had devoutly taught them the "twelve prayers" (no longer extant and so no longer purchasable at any price, as he had assured them) which few people knew, and without which

Peter the Pilgrim. He labored not, neither did he spin anything except fantastic webs of fiction.

they could not hope to enter the Church. They recalled that not long before his humble fadeaway Peter had mentioned a new Catholic mission only twenty miles distant. They sent a delegation.

The missionary listened, and seemed suspicious, puzzled, amused, in turn.

"How long did you feed him?"

"One month, but he ate almost nothing." And they proceeded to explain, in a way that would cast no aspersions on Peter's character, that the man was somehow completely on liquid diet at the time.

The missionary handed them a tiny booklet entitled "The Twelve Prayers."

"The old bum!" said the missionary fervently. They laughed, and then looked puzzled, and then suspicious, chagrined.

"That book sells for three *sen*," said the missionary gently, not wishing to startle the shorn lambs before him.

They looked at each other and repeated fervently, "The old bum!"





Round the Coal Stove

NOT only in the Land of the Morning Calm are Maryknollers engaged in mission work among the Koreans, but in neighboring Manchukuo, where many of the Chosen people have emigrated, flourishing missions are to be found. Of the newest venture in the Fushun Prefecture, Monsignor Lane writes:

One of the last mission works that Father Donovan established before he was taken captive was a mission for

Koreans in the mining town of Fushun. There are thousands of Koreans here in Manchukuo, maintaining their own language and mode of living. For three years we have seen them in ever-increasing numbers going along the streets to night prayers in a church that is not of this Fold. The Koreans are naturally a pious people; they have been anxious in their search for the true Faith. We were never in a position, until recently, to do more about it than to pray that some means and men would be provided

In the photograph above, five catechism classes cluster around one huge, ugly stove: upper left corner, Father John Walsh teaches a group of boys; lower left, a Catholic Korean woman helps her neighbor with the lessons; behind them, a woman memorizes the answers, while next to her Sister Andre teaches an elderly woman; in the background, a young Korean woman has a class of youngsters.

for such a purpose.

Father Donovan, in his great zeal, decided that if he made the start funds would come. It would have to be a crude start. He found a small house in the Korean section of the town, had it white-washed, and fitted it for use as a study hall and chapel. A small altar stood at one end of the room, which was heated by a huge, ugly coal stove, standing in the midst of the congregation.

Then, when all was in readiness, it seemed as if the work so well prepared would cease before it was really started. Father Donovan had planned well, however; and, while he was suffering at the hands of the bandits, he undoubtedly won many blessings for this, his last venture. Today, a Maryknoll priest, two Sisters, a young Korean lady—herself preparing to enter the convent—and Korean Christians are supplying the sinews, and, through the sacrifice made by their first "father in Christ," are beginning to reap a new harvest.



The Korean lady brought a neighbor to see the picture bulletin board outside the Fushun Mission center. The pick-a-back baby was uninterested, but the mother became a Catholic.



"Nothing daunted, we tried our hand at making pies."

—Bedford.

KNOLL NOTES

be interested in the process—and in the results. The batter was mixed and whipped, poured into pans, and set in the oven. Soon they were removed, but lo and behold, what a transformation! Some of the cakes were shaped like ice-cream cones, others like baseballs; one or two resembled footballs; some were like golf balls, and one like a discus, not to mention the number that looked like the shot-put sphere. The disappointed 'Ohs!' of the bakers turned to many a good laugh as each new variety came out of the oven. It was just as well that a lady visitor who called in the afternoon did not hear the morning's mirth. She, evidently struck by the stillness then prevailing, remarked in all seriousness to one of the novices, 'My, wouldn't this be a lovely place for a cemetery!' Nothing daunted, we took up pie making. It's great fun rolling the rolling pin. It's such an easy thing to handle, that we do not wonder Maggie uses it so often on husband Jiggs.

The Venard—

We had a gully party again on Hallowe'en. The bonfire, blazing

OCTOBER finds the various knolls of Mary well begun upon the scholastic year, with an increase in enrollment at all houses. Ninety-some theologians grace the Home Knoll, where memories of this year's departure group give a new impetus to zeal and to studies. At The Venard, in Clarks Summit, Pa., a hundred and thirty students are divided between the college course and the philosophy department. Cincinnati, Los Altos, and Detroit mark a good increase in the high-school grades; while the baby Maryknoll at Akron, which began last September with six students, this year doubles that number.

At the last moment, before the opening of school, our newest foundation, in St. Louis, Mo., secured a house not too far from the diocesan seminary, where our students will attend classes. High-school boys will be accepted at the St. Louis Knoll, as at Akron. Both houses are already represented at the Maryknoll College this year by four students each.

Scrubbing, scholarship, and sanctity, all get a try-out at Maryknoll-in-Los Altos.

Bedford Knoll—

Early in September, the Bedford Novitiate began its year of probation with thirty novices. They are well on the way, at this writing, towards spoiling the digestion of their confrères. One of them records:

"Under the eagle eye of our chef we learned how to make drop cakes this morning. Housewives should





A Hallowe'en party, rained on in the Seminary gully, moves indoors to the fireside radio.

on the hill, relieved the chill of the evening and, at the same time, acted as light for the stage when the lanterns doing spot-light duty dimmed and failed. A barn dance, with some of the students grotesque in bits of female attire, was the most interesting feature of the entertainment. Wood smoke, tobacco, cocoa, and the tang of a frosty cup of cider were memories on the way back to the college, just as a large yellow moon peeked over the building and looked at itself in the lake.

Akron Knoll—

Our Hallowe'en party featured a skit entitled "A Chinaman's Chance," which included a highly gruesome operation in silhouette. You wouldn't think the patient had even a "Chinaman's Chance" for his life, after the two attending surgeons extracted a pair of boxing gloves and sundry articles from his in'ards. But, somehow, he survived and showed plenty of life during the games that followed. Here, in the heart of the residential section, we have no gully, but an enclosed veranda served the purpose. The peanuts were overlooked, but the traditional cider and doughnuts and the Maryknoll spirit were present.

Los Altos—

Sanctity, scholarship, and scrubbing. In Maryknoll's skein of experience is wound up the conviction that these three S's are as essential



Bedford novices . . .



remove lumps from roads . . .



and from mashed potatoes.

to apprentice apostles as are the three R's to delving deans. Everybody expects a missionary to have attained some degree of sanctity, and most people hold him under suspicion of having done some studying, but few surmise that in his formative years he plied the pushes of part-time janitor. But so he did, if he is a Maryknoll missionary. For the performance of "morning duties" in our seminaries is as inevitable as the days on the calendar.

From their sleepy yet eager rising at a quarter to six in the morning, to their tired, contented retiring at nine o'clock in the evening, the students at Los Altos are busy about their 'Father's business.'

Fifteen thrilling hours with no place for monotony. Hours begun and ended by prayer, shot through with accounts of Caesar's exploits, examples of Shakespeare's plots, deft wielding of adjectives, and paradigms of Archimedes' mathematical precision; hours interspersed with tennis, basketball, and handball. For each of these businesses has its place in the Master's design for changing California's Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns into Maryknoll's Peters and Pauls. Toms and Hucks must grow in grace and wisdom and strength before they are ready to put off the carefreeness of youth, before they are strong enough to leave their dear ones to become solicitous apostles of the Gentiles.



"They also serve..."

FATHER JAMES was plainly at odds with himself and his work. He had been giving himself unstintingly to his parish duties, but the results were far from encouraging.

"There's nothing to it," he said to himself. "Nothing to the kind of work I'm doing. A man can work his fool head off, and what has he to show for it at the end of the year?" With an extra heavy puff on his pipe, he attacked the stack of mail awaiting his attention.

No one could ever accuse Father James of being remiss in his work. He was indefatigable in his efforts to improve the spiritual status of his parishioners, but he was a man impatient of results. He was fighting the same problems that hundreds of pastors throughout the country, especially those in large communities, were facing in regard to the Faith and modern life.

Father James had studied at an eastern seminary where interest in foreign missions was very much alive. His heart was with his classmates who had volunteered for mission service, but he had felt it his call to remain in the homeland. There was no stancher nor more generous supporter of the foreign mission work of the Church than Father James, and he communicated this fine spirit to his parishioners.

Still puffing on his pipe, he thumbed through the mail, quickly casting aside in a special receptacle such letters as required immediate attention. The usual bills and advertising letters were properly disposed of, the former to a convenient pigeonhole, the latter to the wastebasket.

"Well, let's see who sent this." He picked up an envelope with a foreign stamp on it. "From Father Hank Smith! Good old Hank! I wonder what he's got to say for himself." Cutting open the envelope he read eagerly a letter from his old classmate.

Father Arthur F. Allie, of Two Rivers, Wis., wrote this story while still in San Francisco. He left with the 1938 departure group, bound for Korea which is now his adopted homeland.

"Dear Jim," it began. "By the time you get this letter, Christmas in the States will be a matter of history. I tried to write you in plenty of time so that you'd get this note about the holiday season, but I just couldn't seem to get around to it. A thousand apologies, old man!"

"I want you to know how much your help has meant to our poor mission this

past year. Your frequent letters, always cheerful and encouraging, have been an inspiration to me. We've had some tough times due to the upset conditions of the country, but your generous and thoughtful gift came in just at the right time. You asked me to use it for myself, but I know you won't mind that I didn't, after you learn to what purpose I put it. How could I use it for myself when I saw so much hunger and suffering, especially among the children? So we bought food and medical supplies for the people. Things are getting back to normal now; and, as a result of our charity, the pagans are well disposed toward the Faith, and many are asking for instruction. We have the largest number of catechumens under instruction in the history of this mission, and our baptisms this year will run to about four hundred and sixty—most of them due to your generosity!"

"I told the people about your gift. They send you their heartfelt thanks. Some of the boys have taken your name at baptism. If you ever come out this way, you'll find a sincere welcome and a number of new Christians here by the name of James. They will not forget you in their prayers, and I know our Lord will bless you and your work for your kindness to His children over here, who are yours as well as mine. . ."

Father James looked at the letter a while in silence. "Hm. . .," he mused. "Four hundred and sixty new Christians, and he says some of them are mine. Well, it wasn't a bad year after all. That letter makes me feel better already. Buying rice and medicine did it! Wait till I write him again and tell him what I think of his impudence, squandering my money on those heathens when I told him to get something for himself! Well, that was always like him anyway. Sorry now I didn't send him more. We might have made it 500!"



CATECHISTS are a vital need for the missions. Will you—or your Circle or Sodality—sponsor a native lay apostle at \$15 a month?

West of the River

Father Thomas Nolan, of New York City, after striving in vain to find out how Kosai got its name, writes about this new mission of his.



The combination chapel and rectory at Kosai

HERE at Kosai, we are west of some river. It may be the Yangtse-kiang, the lordly Hudson, or the father of them all, the Mississippi; but more than likely it's the Tai Tong Kang, which flows past Peng Yang and Chinnampo and into the Yellow Sea. At any rate, we're so far west that one wonders and strives in vain to find out how this town, in which Maryknoll in Korea has started its latest mission, ever derived its name.

From Easter until September, 1937, I had been commuting two or three times a week between Chinnampo and my new home-in-the-making, so that when the head carpenter told me that all should be finished in a few days, I felt that my *pinch hitting* as architect, contractor, and general foreman had now come to a glorious (*sic*) end.

Three days after moving in, we had the blessing and grand opening. All of Kosai's country stations were well represented. Far away Chinnampo and Masan also sent delegations, some of them leaving home the previous day. The little chapel was filled to overflowing, and

benches placed under the windows gave those on the outside a chance to follow the ceremonies of the Mass, celebrated by Father Booth, and to hear the sermon, in which Father Ryang, one of our Korean Fathers, described Columbus going to America, and then drew a parallel of American priests coming to Korea. In the afternoon, all the town's big-wigs were on hand for a celebration, at which speeches and more speeches assured the pastor that he was a welcome asset to the community.

New missions, unlike new babies, are slow in taking shape and size, and to date Kosai has been no exception. Although the territory within a radius of twenty miles numbers 850 Christians among its inhabitants, the number living in the town itself can be counted on the fingers of both hands, and when you get through counting you'll still have a finger or two left. By next year things should be different, for during the past winter a steady trickle of newcomers was at Mass each Sunday, and enough of them

have continued coming, to make it evident that God's grace is finding an opening.

It will take time, of course, for to most of our neighbors the Church and its doctrine are still mysteries, and the priest is that long-nosed foreigner whose raiment resembles that of a crow—black from head to foot. But with us planting the seed, and our friends supplying the prayerful nourishment, we feel sure that God will give the increase.

Bon Voyage!

MARYKNOLL'S 1938 Mission Band hurried across the United States to embark at San Francisco, and its twenty priests were given an impressive send-off in the San Francisco Cathedral on July 28. Rev. William B. Butler of St. Joseph's College, the archdiocesan preparatory seminary, delivered an excellent sermon for the occasion. Particularly striking were the earnest words of Archbishop Mitty.

"Tonight," said the Archbishop, "this city and Archdiocese of San Francisco have the privilege of representing the Catholic Church in America in a fitting farewell to the departing missionaries of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

"We of the clergy are very happy to represent the hierarchy and clergy in the whole United States in extending our good wishes and prayers to these missionaries, and you of the laity are representing the millions upon millions of our Catholic people throughout the land.

"We bid them 'Godspeed' and pray God's blessing upon them in the days to come."

Father Nolan finds the old folks eager to hear of eternal life before their own is snuffed out.





Mother Hubbard



AN old lady, in Korean homespun as white as the hair that framed her contented countenance, violated all precedent and perplexed her angel-escort by pausing when she reached the top landing of the Golden Stairs for a last, long, wistful look at Ryong Kang County. Uncertain whether he could conscientiously humor this unexpected whim of his precious charge, her angel hovered for a second and then, gracefully folding his wings, alighted beside her, not unwilling to tarry for a moment on the threshold, now that she was safe and he was so soon to lose his care of her.

His had been a long commission, but not a hard one. He had come to know Ryong Kang County as well as herself, for he had seen her safely through most of seventy-nine years there under a thatched roof, though the occasional leak hadn't assumed such paramount importance with him as it had with her. He had been with her in the fields in the early spring when she was breaking up the clods turned up by the plough, and he shared the admiration that glowed in her eyes when she raised them occasionally toward the purple patches of azalea that robed the mountains back of Ryong Kang in royal glory. He had often accompanied her to the stream with her basket of clothes, and enjoyed letting the tips of his glittering wings trail and cause eddies in that same stream while she squatted beside it and rubbed the dirt out of the wet clothes on a rough stone. She was not one to keep an angel over-occupied. The rhythmic rap-a-tap-tap of

By a Maryknoll Missioner in Korea

her ironing clubs of an evening had a homely music in it which he conjectured he would miss. At markets, weddings, and wakes, he had brushed angelic elbows with the saints and sinners of Ryong Kang; and, without for a moment losing sight of his own precious charge in the midst of all the confusion and jostling, he had fallen in love with its people and the laurel on its hills, so he was not too surprised that she paused and looked back.

Her gaze was now bent upon figures in white, moving busily in and out of the little huts, almost all well known to her. A group here and there, bent over green rows that stood out so clear-cut against the brown soil, would hold her attention for a moment, and then she would study others up to their knees in a rice paddy. Her eye followed the men and women plodding along the grey road she had so often walked, winding away to the market town. She knew the man with the pig on his back and the woman with the half-bushel of grain. Were they not all old neighbors and friends? Then of a sudden something round and glistening escaped her eyelid and slipped past the golden banister.

A STRINGLESS shoe can halt your walk. A "Stringless" Gift makes Maryknoll go.

"Not a thing in their heads!" she exclaimed, with a fullness of feeling that quite startled her angel out of his own reminiscences. "Not a thing in their heads but pig to be sold or a row to be weeded! Ah, if they only knew!" —shaking her head at the futility of it all, and hastily adding, "They're so good at heart!"

"None better, and I've traveled a lot," he responded.

"It was often enough," she mused, "that my own mind was all taken up for days at a time with nothing but the weeding, or the driving rain that was threatening to beat down a patch of grain, or the rush to get the cabbage in out of an early frost, and not a thought of—"

"It's that way with mortals," interrupted her guardian, pensively preening a wing. "Somehow they don't appreciate the reality of anything but what's before their eyes, or under their nose at the moment. And, more's the pity, so many of them have never even known that anything existed but weeds and weddings, millet and markets, rice and rain. 'If they only knew,' as you say."

"Speaking of rain," said the old lady, "do you remember the day all of us from the upper end of the valley were weeding old Kim's big field and myself on the row beside his daughter remarked to her, while straightening up my aching back, that the spring rains were timely enough, and she quietly said, 'God sent them.' It was the grace of God that prompted me to ask her 'What's God?' for her words that followed went down

into my heart like the seed rice into a deep paddy. They set me thinking, though it was long before anything came of it."

"His grace works gently and slowly as a rule," remarked her angel. "But I'm not too sure that I may not be acting beyond my faculties in allowing you to tarry on these dizzy heights. It's not exactly—"

"That was a hard summer," she continued, oblivious of his latter remark, "and it wasn't until the flailing was finished and the snow had put us all indoors with the spinning and weaving that I found myself beside Kim's daughter again, with an opportunity to hear more of the doctrine. The more I heard, the more my heart warmed to it. It came on me like the dawn over O Sak mountain, after the long dark hours, on the early road to market."

"And do you remember," she went on, "the next spring when the priest came through and I was there with the rest to be examined, in mortal dread that he might not baptize me, although Kim's same daughter was squatted right behind me to give me a word or two when I'd need it? How the sweat came out on me when I got caught up on the Creed for the third time, and the priest frowned and shook his head, as if it was all over!"

"I prayed hard for you that same moment," said her angel. "That frown had me worried a bit, till his own guardian nodded to me not to take it too seriously and explained that it was only a nervous way his reverence had after being awake most of the previous night with the fleas. But, as I was saying, this tarrying here on the threshold is not—"

"One moment," she said, with her eye fixed on a white building that stood out from a group of thatched huts. "That's it, with the bell in the fork of the nearest tree. It wasn't there when we came into Ryong Kang. And what a sight!" she enthused, "to see the children from four villages gathering to it across the paddies with their books under their arms, to learn that there's a God all-concerned about them! They're the ones that can grasp it quickly, and while the grown-ups are well-meaning enough, it's in the hearts of the little ones that the God who made them finds a ready place, for they're not all cluttered up with earthly plans and hopes and fears."

Reluctantly did the old lady withdraw her gaze from the youngsters, hurrying along to the chapel-school which she felt in her heart was the great hope of Ryong Kang. Then, with a deliberation that sorely tried her guardian's patience, she

PARENTS who cheerfully give a missionary to God have reason to expect a share of the fruits of His apostolate.

let her eye roam across the green foothills studded in places with scrub pine and thickly dotted in the clearings with mounds, and she began to pick out and count some of the smallest of them—two from this hill and three from that, until she said aloud: "Fifty-two! Fifty-two, by God's favor! There would have been more, if I had had a little more fervor and promptness. God forgive me for the time I waited for the rain to clear off and then got to Chang's house only to find that the little body was already cold."

Not having had the heart to interrupt her harmless musings, but by this time fully convinced that he had gone the limit, her angel now drew himself up prepared to do his duty and said briefly and firmly, "It is not the custom to pause here on the very threshold."

"A thousand pardons!" ejaculated the old lady at the mention of the magic word 'custom,' and, quite embarrassed, she hastily drew her shawl about her and was whisked up to the pearly gates.

"Kim Lucia," announced her guardian, with an air of confident assurance that something would happen. It did. The gates swung wide. Then he found his angelic serenity all but shattered, when out of their celestial cradles and off their celestial swings and jumping boards tumbled half a hundred almond-eyed cherubs in the brightest of Korean New Year jackets of dazzling reds, blues, and yellows, to swoop down upon in welcome, and career about, a confused old lady. Quite overwhelmed, she barely maintained enough composure to run a delighted but half-anxious eye over the fluttering brilliances that wheeled about her. "Forty-nine, fifty," she counted, and just as a shade of concern began to show itself in her beaming countenance, two truant cherubs, who had been gathering ethereal azalea on a distant bank of clouds that resembled for all the world, in shape and size and color, the mountains back of Ryong Kang, came winging in with "A thousand pardons!" on their lips and a huge but very disheveled bouquet in each tiny hand.

"Fifty-two!" she said, unconsciously reaching for the azalea; and the gates swung to.

Postscript: I was sitting on an empty, upturned Mass kit in the sacristy of the Ryong Kang chapel-school "with its bell in the fork of the nearest tree," when an old lady in Korean homespun shuffled in.

"This is old Lucia," she announced, after a very profound bow, "old Lucia who doesn't know anything. I came in to ask you to be easy on me in the catechism examination. I believe in God and the priest, and beyond that I know nothing."

I met her again on several trips, but her greeting was always the same, "This is old Lucia, who doesn't know anything," as was also her petition, "Be easy on me in the examination" (a yearly event here), and her profession of faith "in God and the priest."

It was from the catechist I learned that Kim Lucia would hurry the length or breadth of Ryong Kang County, rain or shine, to baptize a dying infant. Fifty-two infant baptisms is no startling record in a country like Korea. In fact, it's no record at all, but for a hard-pressed farmer's wife whose days were spent in weeding or harvesting and half the night in patching and ironing, and who knew little more than the bare essentials of her religion, it ought to be enough to entitle her to the humble role of being a Mother Hubbard to half a hundred cherubs for eternity.

Education in Korea

EDUCATION has swept Korea because of the emphasis which Japanese authorities have given it. Schools now exist in most of the large centers and in many smaller towns. Religious instruction is not given, since the Korean school system follows as closely as possible that of the United States.

Buddhism and Confucianism no longer influence the people as they did in days of old. Spirit worship (rather, devil worship) is still very common. It is not unusual to hear during the weary hours of the night the tom-tom of the sorceress, or the clanging of cymbals and the chanting of weird sounds to drive the evil spirits from some sick person.

Education means the abandonment of these superstitions, which are already rapidly falling into the discard. In many respects, agnostic and atheistic teachings imbibed from American and European seats of learning constitute a more formidable foe.

THE FIELD AFAR
THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

Published by Ecclesiastical Authority
Founded in 1907. Appears monthly
(except August).

Owned by the
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



OCTOBER may yet come to be known as Mission Month. Beginning with Rosary Sunday, many *Aves* are wafted to heaven for the missions. Not a few among the friends of Maryknoll make it a practice to go back when they finish the rosary, and say the *Our Father* and three *Hail Marys* for all missionaries.

Then follow the feast days of the two Teresas—both of whom would have spent their lives for souls on the foreign missions. Their prayers and sacrifices, however, brought the gift of Faith to many; both teach us that, though all may not go abroad to save souls for Christ, work may still be done from our own little corner of the globe.

Mission Sunday has become a reality in this country, and during this month the people of every diocese will be called upon again to aid in the work of the Propagation of the Faith. For some it will be "just another collection," but the thinking man will see in this an opportunity of holding aloft the arms of the apostolic worker and sharing in his reward.

Finally, the month closes with the feast of Christ the King. It is for the purpose of bringing all souls under the sway of Christ that missionaries everywhere would dispel the clouds of paganism and bring souls out of the darkness into the Kingdom of Eternal Light.

Make October a mission month by the daily recitation of the simple but efficacious ejaculation, "Thy Kingdom come!"

A MOST ardent desire to devote himself to the redemption of those "other sheep," straying outside the true fold, burned in the gentle soul of St. Francis of Assisi. His love for Christ and his great zeal to make Him known to all men led the *Poverello* to make many sacrifices and to endure severe hardships. This spirit he passed on to his followers, with many other glorious traditions. Today, the sons of St. Francis are laboring in almost every country of the world, from the icy fields of Ilan in northern Manchukuo to the extreme heat of southern Africa. May their labors and sacrifices bring again into the world the spirit of the poor man of Assisi—the spirit of Him who was the poorest of the poor. Simply and quietly did St. Francis lead souls to Christ. In choosing him as a patron of their Society, Maryknollers hope to emulate his spirit.

TRUE is the scriptural saying that we sow in tears and reap in joy, and one of the reasons is because we are obliged to sow in the blind confidence of faith while we reap in the full light of actual sight. So doubt and misunderstanding and criticism dog the steps of the sower, whose success lies hidden in the womb of time, while a full chorus of approval greets the reaper, whose less important role is crowned by results that meet the eye. The first man who had the temerity to sow winter wheat in Kansas did it secretly at night, lest he become a laughing stock among neighbors certain to regard his action as prime folly. Today winter wheat is the banner crop of the state. There are still a lot of people who think it is folly to sow in the winter of paganism, and would confine the scattering of the seed to the summer of favorable and long-tried conditions in Christian countries. Yet the harvest of souls in the mission field is also by far the biggest item in the

extension of the Church. The sowing must go on. The missionary has the faith of the Kansas farmer, plus the knowledge that the seed he sows in tears is divine. It is bound to fructify and produce a harvest that will be reaped in joy.



GUARDIAN ANGELS often have to work overtime with many of their charges. With automobile traffic at, perhaps, its greatest height, and airplanes dropping from the skies, hazards are daily increased. For the missionary there are other hazards. The simple peasant coming along the rice paddy may be merely what he seems, but too often he turns out to be a bandit. Cholera and sicknesses, at times, rage about him, but he goes on his way as unmindful of the dangers as does a little child. Perhaps that is why his angel "who sees the face of the Father" continues to "enlighten, protect, direct, and govern" him.



A WISE man was Mencius, the famous philosopher still revered by the Orient as its greatest sage after Confucius himself. He asked King Wai of the Leang Country if there was any difference between killing a man with a stick and with a sword, and the King replied there was not. He asked him if there was any difference between doing it with a sword and with the style of government, and the King again answered in the negative. He then observed, "There is fat meat in your kitchen, and in your stable there are fat horses. But your people have the look of hunger, and in the remote places there is famine. Is this being the parent of the people?"

It seems that the King stood corrected and took steps to make the place flourish. Mencius served China well, although the missionary improves upon his formula. He will only be satisfied when he sees the whole four hundred million with a full stomach and in the state of grace.



The Holy Father's Mission Intention for October, 1938

That knowledge and love of the missions may be effectively promoted among all Christians.

Charity All-Embracing

DEATH, the silencing angel, has taken from us His Eminence Cardinal Hayes. A loving farewell to the priestly leader, shepherd of the flock in the great Archdiocese of New York, who in his passing bears with him the enviable title of Cardinal of Charity. Most knew him for his care of the poor in the seething canyons of the metropolis he ruled spiritually, but his heart pulsed for men over a much wider horizon. We of Maryknoll can testify that he possessed a love of neighbor in the finest sense—a genuinely catholic devotion to souls.

It places the Church in magnificent perspective to observe that



Cardinal Hayes entering the Sister's Motherhouse on his last visit to Maryknoll.

those who occupy the high places in its government are impregnated with a philosophy of service to God which carries them beyond the parishes and the diocese for which they are immediately responsible, beyond the country in which they live, out to the farthest confines of the world. This was the case with Cardinal Hayes. To him, all men were of a cloth. The needy soul in his own streets was one with the soul without Christ in China, India, Africa, or the islands of the sea. The triumphs of the missionary on the other side of the world brought him joy quite as much as the successes of his local priests; the missionary's suffering and sorrow gave him concern quite as misfortune at home. By conviction and by affection his parish was the globe.

His Eminence was a Cardinal, a world dignitary in a world Church, but, more, he was an apostle, a messenger and minister of the Gospel, consecrated to all men. No color, no national line, no accent of the tongue was a barrier. The Cardinal of Charity desired to be a Christly exemplar of universal love.

His Eminence's principal missionary office was that of National President, for the United States, of the Pontifical Mission Societies, the Propagation of the Faith, the Missionary Union of the Clergy, the Society of St. Peter the Apostle, all organizations with headquarters in Rome, sponsored directly by the Holy Father. The fact that the Maryknoll center was in his Archdiocese made him our spiritual father. For many years he also has been the active President of the Maryknoll corporation.

His Eminence made numerous visits to Sunset Hill and frequently expressed his approval of Maryknoll in most cordial terms. There was, for instance, an occasion in 1927 when he presided at the departure of sixteen Maryknollers for their lifework overseas. We quote from his words: "My dear sons, I envy you your great vocation to the foreign mission field. I am sure there are thousands of priests, and hundreds of bishops, even members of the Sacred College at Rome, who would have been honored to have had such a call as yours. I know how well prepared you are. I do not speak of the remote preparation in your own home, but I speak of that preparation here at Maryknoll where you have been so well trained.

"I have had many honors in the Church, and, because of my posi-



SELF-RELIANCE is a motto of the worldly wise. Reliance on God with self-reliance is one of our maxims at Maryknoll, where we take an occasional lesson from the "wise in their generation."—Bishop James Anthony Walsh.

tion, many works to direct, but I have sat down year after year at the Directors' Board of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, and marveled at the story of Maryknoll, at the evidence of God's very presence. I always came away from the Maryknoll meeting feel-



Maryknoll's Founder-General conducting Cardinal Hayes and Cardinal Bonzano around the Maryknoll compound.

ing as if I had been in the presence of the Great Missioner Himself. . . . My dear sons, it is Christ's voice rather than any other that is speaking to you, and, as He sent out others from their own land to lay the foundation of faith, He will be with you. Therefore, go forth in His Name, with His blessing, with His charity, with His grace."

May the soul of the Cardinal-Father of Maryknoll fly swiftly, happily into the loving arms of the Great Missioner Himself.

AMONG privileges open to souls of generosity and courage is that of getting tired for Christ. There is a vocation of mercy surpassing that of Portia, whose happy recipient never quite grows weary of this great world as long as he can wend its trails in search of souls. Fatigue he knows, and wear and tear he feels, for how else could he climb his mountains and hunt out his villages through all their arduous miles. But surcease he never knows. Happily he presses along in the footsteps on One Who went before him in the same restless quest for souls. Will he also sit down tired at the well at times? Ceaselessly and oft—but with the thrill of privilege. For it is no small grace to pattern after Him so closely.



KOREAN K

Father Gervis Coxen, of New York City
kapers outside his mission

this does not interfere too much with her own games. Yesterday, one of these tiny nurses was playing a very active game while Brother, on her back, slept the sleep of the just, blissfully unaware of the fact that he was being bounced about to the tune of shouting playmates, instead of being lulled to sleep with a soothing cradle song.

The poet who accused the schoolboy of a snail-like pace evidently never saw Korea.

Everyone seems to be with going to school. On my way to the school in Mass., I passed a schoolroom, although it was only o'clock in the morning! Outside, a soccer game was in progress. I thought of

Koreans are the original swing artists. The height of their ambition is to make a complete circle on a swing.

KOREA is simply swarming with children. Children to the right of you, children to the left of you, children in front of you, children behind you. There seems to be no end of them. There are droves of them. They are in the streets, in the alleys, in the school yards, in the stores, in the market place, in the parks. If you don't lock the front door, they come in on you and make themselves perfectly at home. If you lock the front door, they come in the back door. If you lock all the doors, they will beg you to let them in the windows, if only for ten minutes. They are up with the sun, and often before it.

And oh, their energy! No puppy ever knew the day his little legs could keep up so constant a rhythm. With Korean children, the program from sunup to sundown is hop, skip, jump, and run. They do not know what it means to have toys, so they must create their fun out of nothing. A piece of string is

enough to start the little girls on a jumping game.

The other day our flagpole was taken down for repairs, and it leaned up against the barbed wire fence. Now, there is nothing more useless than a disabled flagpole, but a little Korean girl, coming home from school, saw in that pathetic most tremendous possibilities for the jumping game. And so, without the slightest ceremony, she put her books on the ground and started jumping back and forth, all by herself.

And can these children run! The other day I saw the girls win a relay race from the boys. The Korean girl is quite capable of taking care of herself against the eternal boy, who often feels inclined to tease or slap.

I haven't noticed any youngsters playing with dolls. They are always taking care of some real baby, so they don't have to play at "make believe." Even a little girl of eight will have a baby brother strapped to her back, but



AN KIDDIES

New York City, stops to enjoy the *kiddies*'
side mission in Korea.

one seem to be in love
going to school. On my
to the school where
I passed school where
youngsters had already
possessed the class-
though was only six

America, and wondered how
many of its youngsters might
be late for school that very
day!

In full view from my win-
dow, swings have been erect-
ed for the kindergarten tots.

back in
morn-
Out-
a soc-
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ght of



Knute Rockne must smile down on these Korean youngsters who, coached by a Maryknoll missionary, are trying to live up to his high standards of good sportsmanship.

These six-year-olds are the original "swing artists." They stand on the swing, and seem to have one ambition—to make a complete circle. It certainly isn't our idea of safety first, but the Koreans would be very much surprised if any of these tots fell off, for "they float through the air with the greatest of ease."

The shadows are lengthening now, and it is time to close the mission gate. The cook goes out to chase the children home. Of course, they are reluctant to go, for the day is never long enough for the heart

that is free. The cook makes as if to run after them, and they scamper away, laughing at him as they go. He closes the gate as their musical laughter fades away in the distance.

These youngsters, so carefree and so easily impressed, are our hope for the future. They must learn more than how to play fair. It is the same the world over. One day they will be in the army of Christians, fighting for Christ; or in another group, fighting against Him; or, what is probably worse, not even casually interested. We must win them for Christ!



More: Baby Brother is rocked to sleep on Big Sister's back. Instead of a soothing lullaby, he has the music of children's laughter.

Left: It's serious business this—walking up to camera man.

Right: Playing jacks with pebbles is fun for Korean girls who have never known the luxury of real jacks and a rubber ball.



On the Maryknoll Newsfront



**Bishop Paschang
of Martinsburg, Mo.**

Episcopal Photo—

At last we have it—a photograph of Bishop Paschang with his pectoral cross. It comes a year after his consecration. You will agree that his first months as Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon do not seem to have weighed too heavily upon him.

Photos do not catch his fancy, but converts do. "Dispensaries do us many good turns," he tells us. "The other day, when examining candidates for Confirmation, I asked an old lady how she happened to become a Catholic. 'I went down to the river,' she said, 'to wash some clothes and slipped in the mud, twisting my knee. Some other women who were washing clothes, too, told me to go to the Catholic mission to get some

medicine. I did. The Sister was very kind and gentle, and she gave me something to stop the pain. There were some women there studying the catechism. I listened a while, and when I went home I kept thinking about what I had heard. Finally, I went back and studied catechism, too. So I thank God that I twisted my knee.'

"For my part, I thank God that our Sisters had a dispensary. Would that the benefactors who made it possible would increase, and lend aid to our twenty other dispensaries."

Korean Racketeers—

The pupils of Blessed Mother School in Peng Yang are enthusiastic about outdoor sports, with tennis ranking as a high favorite among the girls. Their dexterity and rhythmic nim-



Korean racketeers presented at court

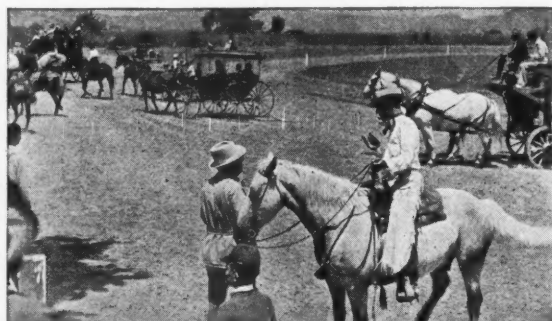
bleness of foot combine to make their game exciting for on-lookers as well as for themselves.

San Juan Love Story—

San Juan, once the headquarters for the stage coaches between San Francisco and Los Angeles, was a link in the long chain of California missions and center for the San Juan Indians. But the Redskins went to Happy Hunting Grounds long, long ago.

In 1928, Bishop McGinley, of the Diocese of Monterey-Fresno, asked Maryknoll to take over the direction of the San Juan Mission, now a parish in a village of 900 souls, and combine with parish activities apostolic work for the Orientals in the surrounding valley.

For the preservation and restoration of the ancient buildings, the new pastor, Father Francis J. Caffrey, aided by many



Crossroads at San Juan during the annual pageant

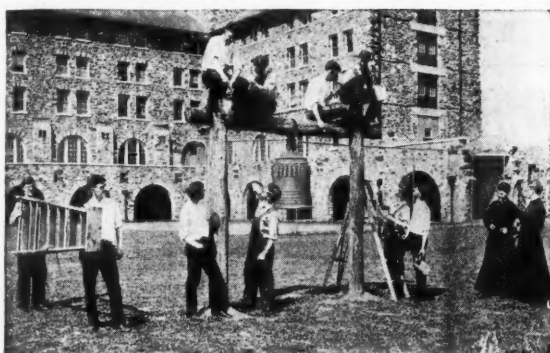
influential friends, inaugurated an annual Pageant commemorating the historical events of the Mission foundation. Each year, near the anniversary date of June 24, the *fiesta* attracts thousands of visitors from all over California and neighboring States. The program opens with a High Mass. Then follows the colorful parade of eighteenth-century stage coaches and later there are exhibitions of horsemanship. At noon, the guests gather for the midday meal at the barbecue pit on the hacienda. The great event of the day is the outdoor musical and dramatic pageant.

Among the many professionals whom Father Caffrey has enlisted to help is Mrs. Lucy Cuddy, prominent author and playwright. For the past three years Mrs. Cuddy has written a play especially for the event, with music by Mrs. Francesca McGettigan and a cast chosen from the local *senors* and *senoritas*. "Dolores and Jose," a love story of the natives of San Juan in 1835, was the title of this year's production. Freddy Bartholomew, in the audience, contributed to the hearty applause.

Tom-and-Jerry mix it up—

Father Foto, who is Maryknoll's Father Cotta, has been looking over some of his more ancient masterpieces and brings to light this trick production in which he gives us six Tom-and-Jerry's on the same film.

Of the three Donovan brothers of Pittsburgh, Tom and



A trick photo representing six Tom-and-Jerry's

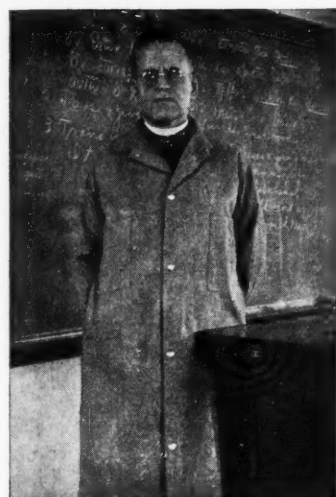
Jerry were in the Seminary together, while Father Joe preceded them to the Far East. The sparkling good humor which has characterized all members of the family made the two seminarians apt subjects for Father Foto's camera.

The accompanying photograph is a precious souvenir after the tragic events of last February when Father Jerry was slain by bandits in Manchukuo. His remains lie in the Maryknoll cemetery, some hundreds of yards from where these multiple shots were taken.

Solemn Face Not Necessary—

Solemn-looking gentleman, isn't he?

In his home town of Boston, Brother Daniel was known as



Brother Daniel, M.M.

Fred J. Doherty. He is a graduate of Harvard College and of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Previous to his joining Maryknoll he was employed in Cuba as a laboratory chemist by the American Sugar Company. Now he is Professor of Chemistry at the Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Pa.

But do not let Brother Daniel's intellectual gifts discourage you, young man (or perhaps not so young), for to prospective candi-

dates for the Maryknoll Brotherhood we say:

"The Brotherhood is open to all Catholic men of strong moral character, who have the good will and health for carrying on the great world-wide work of Maryknoll. The community is made up of Brothers of widely different talents and trades, united by the bond of Christian charity."

Still the Spirit of Damien—

Father John Coulehan, pastor of Maryknoll in Honolulu, writes from the Island of Molokai:

"Aloha from the settlement made famous by heroic Father Damien! I've been here with Bishop Alencastre for several days, interviewing leper witnesses in the cause of Father Damien's canonization. His spirit, the spirit of Christ, can be felt here—even after all these years!"

Wheels Within Wheels—

"Is it yours? Where did you get it?" "How fast can it go?" "Will you give us a ride?"

Just like boys at home, aren't they?

But fortunately, the curiosity of these Chinese youngsters, clustering around Father Arthur F. Dempsey in Tanchuk, is not confined to the mechanism and rightful ownership of the Bicycle. They want to know why the missionary himself is there among them; his reply intrigues, and there follow other questions of more serious vein. To prepare himself and his fellow priests for such splendid opportunities, Father Dempsey writes to Father General:

"Having been a missionary yourself, you will agree with me,

I'm sure, when I say that it would be a great thing for our priests, if Maryknoll could see its way to send us not only books on catechism, but also books on current thought. One of the things that is likely to happen to a missionary is that he will go stale on matters with which he should be *au courant*.

"We are in no position to buy books, and for Maryknoll to supply them would mean a large order. Perhaps THE FIELD AFAR could get such literature from our American friends if an appeal were made."



Father Dempsey under a rapid-fire questionnaire

1. Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 177 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers.

2. They labor in seven territories.

3. Four of these territories—Kongmoon, Kaying, Wuchow, Kweilin—are in South China.

4. Three of these territories—Kyoto, Peng Yang, Fushun—are in the Japanese Empire.

EIGHT POINTERS ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS

5. These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles, twice the area of the New England States.

6. The seven contain 20,000,000 non-Christian souls, over three times the population of the New England States.

7. They count approximately 60,000 Catholics (56,675 in June, 1937).

8. They are winning approximately 7,500 adult converts a year (7,413 adult converts from July 1, 1936, to June 30, 1937).

THE BOUNTY PAGE

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

**Dear Maryknoll Friends,**

A man named Luke Kavanagh died in San Francisco a few months ago. The Catholic press commented on his well-made will.

Here at Maryknoll we noted how catholic was this good Catholic. He began with his family and his friends, took care of local charities, diocesan charities, great Catholic educational projects, and, finally, reached out to the apostolate among non-Christians on the other side of the earth. On the list of his beneficiaries, stood Maryknoll.

It is becoming the practice of Maryknoll friends to give Maryknoll a place in that last Catholic act, the disposal of the possessions which have accumulated during the earthly pilgrimage. Many feel that they have accumulated all too little, but they have caught the idea of being catholic Catholics at the end.

Several have asked us, recently, how best to remember Maryknoll. When the donor has no special preferences, certainly a "stringless" legacy is most advisable—the dollars form a flying squadron to wheel in where the pressure is greatest.

For those who desire to make a foundation, we remind them of our Burses for the education of Maryknoll priests, which require \$6,000, and our Sponsor Burses for the support of Maryknoll missionaries, at \$7,500.

Sincerely in Christ,

The Maryknoll Fathers**Toothsome!**

DISCARDED teeth, we find, do yeoman work for the missions, particularly if they are gold.

"Greetings from Doctor O. and me. Doctor O. is a dentist, and I am his secretary. We have just had with us an old gentleman who had his teeth ex-

tracted, and in them was a considerable amount of gold. The old gentleman relinquished all claim, so Doctor put the gold in condition, and here you have the tidy little sum enclosed.

"All blessings on Maryknoll! Doctor and I are both great rooters for you—though it is Doctor who actually gets to the roots!"

The Month's Prize Letter

Dear Fathers,

An enrollment card preserved in an old scrapbook reminds me that for twenty-five years I have been an Associate of Maryknoll and a subscriber to THE FIELD AFAR. I wish to celebrate my anniversary by taking out a Perpetual Membership for my husband and myself. I am enclosing the offering of fifty dollars.

These have been twenty-five happy years of close acquaintance with Maryknoll. We are proud of THE FIELD AFAR for its interest and beauty and for the "lift" it gives us in our day's work. I find myself thinking less of my own wants and more of others through the lessons I have learned from our missionaries in fields afar.

It puts a touch of loveliness to life, to be generous. That's one of the things we like about Maryknoll—it does not selfishly push itself to the exclusion of others. It seems constantly to say, "Thanks for helping, particularly since so many others need help, since you yourself have so many burdens." It has been very pleasant to help in the face of such fine thoughtfulness.

—C.F.M., Conn.

"Lepers and Company"

I FIND myself saving every dime to see how quickly I can fill my charity card," writes a friend on Long Island Sound. "Thus at least once a day I put myself in touch with the lepers and company. Maryknoll overseas must have millions of miserable people to befriend. Your clever charity card embraces them all."

The *Charity Dime Card* provides money for all our works of mercy. Write for one.

Blessings Through Sacrifice

WE never cease to be impressed by the number each month who mail us offerings as acts of sacrifice. It is a beautiful commentary on Catholic life

Maryknoll Want Ads

WANTED—\$400 each for five out-mission chapels in five villages, Prefecture of Wuchow, South China.

WANTED—100 gifts of \$3 per month to support 100 lepers at Maryknoll Leper Asylum, Ngai Moon, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

WANTED—Two gifts of \$30 a month and two gifts of \$50 a month for rental of quarters for chapels in the Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

WANTED—\$1,500 for mission compound at Linkiang, former mission of Fr. Gerard Donovan, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

WANTED—200 gifts of \$5 each to help 200 Catholic families suffering from famine through crop failure in Kwangsi Province, South China; and 100 gifts of \$10 to buy cows for 100 Catholic families which lost theirs through famine.

WANTED—Twelve gifts of \$100 for year's support of 12 novices of Chinese Sisterhood, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

WANTED—Twenty-five gifts of \$3 monthly, each for support of an orphan in the Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

WANTED—Eight gifts of \$15 a month, to support new catechists in the Prefecture of Kweilin, South China.

WANTED—Ten gifts of \$100, each for a unit in tuberculosis hospital, Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan.

WANTED—\$2,000 for chapel and rectory at Taipu, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

WANTED—\$1,000 toward erection of a chapel at Kangkei, Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea.

WANTED—Fifteen gifts of \$200 each to maintain mission schools for one year, Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo.

WANTED—20 gifts of \$100 each for year's support of twenty seminarians, Vicariate of Kaying, South China.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

that so many men and women are imbued with the principle that God's blessings go to those who win them by renunciation.

"Yesterday I earned a dollar and a half," writes an old lady. "I am making the sacrifice of this dollar in God's Holy Name that He may deign to give me steady work."

A young woman in Seattle writes: "I have spent an unexpected three weeks in a hospital. I have been sorely tempted to 'hold out' on you until next month, but the 'give till it hurts' idea keeps popping up. This time, it not only hurts—it cries out loud! I send it as a 'Deo gratias' for my recovery."

Some people mark every move of their lives with a gift for God's favor. A Michigan woman provides an example: "My husband and I are going to the North Woods to hunt deer. My last little job before departure is to send this offering in honor of St. Anthony that God will bless the journey and bring us back in safety."

"Cover-to-Coverers" Again

ALMOST since its first number I have enjoyed reading every word of THE FIELD AFAR. Thank God, mine is a life subscription. May He leave me sight to read of the Maryknoll family until my end."—*Penna.*

"I was about to destroy my renewal slip when from an unlooked-for source

came a dollar. How happy I am to be able to read my FIELD AFAR from cover to cover. If I were twenty-three instead

of seventy-three, I'd be over in the Orient with these lovely children pictured on your pages."—*Oregon.*



The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

I know that the harvest of souls that missioners glean each day is great. I'd like to sponsor a missioner for one day and broaden his smile by lightening his burden during the harvest.

Please send me a Support-A-Missioner dime card, so that I may save the ten dimes required. Send cards for friends.

Name

Address

I shall be happy to do this each month ☐

Occasionally mail is lost. Please let us know immediately if you do not get a prompt acknowledgment from us. We reply on the same day we receive your offering.



St. Peter's Bark Heaves to at Mampo—

After wading through the shoals, Father Patrick Duffy, of Ireland, gives us the whole story of the Mampo mission.

The children at least gave him a smiling welcome.

SHIPS that pass in the night sail on, while St. Peter's Bark heaves to at Mampo," warbled I, afloat on the Yalu River, one clear day three years ago. Arriving in port without a soul to welcome me, I sympathized as never before with the poor Pilgrim Fathers, landing on the inhospitable Plymouth Rock. But dispelling all such vain regrets, I sea-legged up to the nearest vacant house, and there dropped anchor—and my eyelids.

Dawn, breaking with a crash, awakened me to a sorry realization: this present abode was too small to accommodate the Doctrine Class I hoped to organize; there were no veteran Christians to co-operate in laying the foundations for a new one; we had no property to indicate our permanency.

Wading through these shoals, we (confidentially, only I) stumbled on a house for rent; and, before the landlord could raise his figure, we established a catechist therein as the lawful tenant. The first year, there were no converts, but frequent visitors buoyed our hopes. A few children came through curiosity, as well as a few elderly men; these latter to pass the time and to enjoy the heat of our fire during the winter months. Thus encouraged, our optimistic catechist

opened a school, enticing a few more youngsters—who sought a free education rather than the enlightenment of their souls.

Several times, I considered closing this mission station and moving to a more promising village, but, on fifty-second thought, realized that such a move would be detrimental to the work, as Koreans are sticklers for stability and uniformity, especially in things religious. Anything suggesting a transitory show would, without doubt, weaken the apostolate.

During the second year, we were able to purchase a piece of property, which convinced our neighbors that we intended to jog along with them indefinitely. They called, again—and again, taking instructions until finally a few were baptized. Two Christian families, rolling into our midst from the nearby hills, increased our flock to forty. And life begins with forty!

A recent occurrence, unique in itself, will also increase our community, I hope. A wealthy Korean lady whose husband is a prominent figure in town entered the hospital for a minor operation. During

her convalescence, her three-year-old son died. By the time she reached home, the child was buried. Among the many who went to condole with the mother was one Chu Anna, a member of our Church. In speaking to the bereaved woman, Chu Anna told her of the Catholic Faith and the dogma of the resurrection—how Catholics pray continually for their dead and at the burial; and, particularly, how special Sacrifice is offered to the true God for the repose of their souls.

This was the greatest consolation for the mother, but she was sorely grieved because her boy had not been baptized. The spirit being departed, his body remained, so she conceived the idea of disinterring the body and conducting a ceremony according to the Catholic ideal.

Without revealing their plan to the pastor or others, a trusted few complied with the lady's wish and, in the silence of the night, proceeded to the mountain burial ground. Shielding their lanterns and muffling their spades to avoid the hazard of possible arrest, they dug up the remains. Then they stealthily returned to their homes. Despite all their secrecy, the story leaked out and providentially flowed over our way, thus giving us an opportunity of explaining to the well-intentioned lady, and to her numerous friends, the Catholic doctrine in regard to the faithful departed.

As these people have a remarkable veneration for their dead, our doctrine makes a strong appeal to them. In evidence thereof, the featured lady gave us a contribution towards the erection of a chapel, while the Christians recently made a formal request for a resident priest. St. Peter's Bark seems to be approaching the dimensions of the Queen Mary!

Ship ahoy!—under the protection of Mary, Queen of Maryknoll.

**I, a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.**

PENG YANG—Ten Years After

Father Patrick Cleary, of Ithaca, N. Y., spent ten years in the back paths of Korea and then returned to Peng Yang. He now shares some of his surprises with us.

DID you ever go back home, after an absence of ten years? If you did, I am sure you found many changes—some disappointing, others to be marveled at. My return to Peng Yang, after a decade's absence in the back paths of Korea, brought me no disappointments but many happy surprises.

The first was enjoyed at Easter when the confessions numbered over a thousand. This flock, plus many more, attempting to distribute themselves among the four Masses at St. Michael's Church, caused even the bulging walls to creak a *Te Deum*.

Then came the Vigil of the Feast of Pentecost, made eternally memorable for twelve adults by their reception of the Sacrament of Baptism. On the morning of the glorious Feast itself, Francis, smiling, toothless, eighty-one, with Basilissa, bashful, blushing, seventy-one, radiated happiness in the achievement of having rectified their marriage before God.

Perhaps children more than others can add zest to a homecoming, and these Korean youngsters generously contributed to mine, with their welcome, demanding query: "Father, when are you going to baptize us? We are all ready! Please make it Pentecost!" Then, taking it for

granted that the matter was settled satisfactorily, they carried me off, with the high enthusiasm of youth and the pride of personal ownership, to show me the new school. It is named for our Blessed Mother and has an enrollment of a thousand pupils, who occupy twelve classrooms. The building is a glorious, synthetic result of the zeal and sacrifice of Maryknoll's friends at home, of our staunch Korean Catholics, who gave generously according to their means, of the courage and initiative of Father Connors, who inspired and directed the bold project of its construction, and of the ability of Brother William, the architect and builder.

Evoking wonderment, too, at their accomplishments, were the older pupils attending the Gregorian Chant schools—the one conducted by Father Hong for boys, and the other conducted by a Maryknoll Sister for girls. Father Hong also gives a course in Scripture two evenings a week.

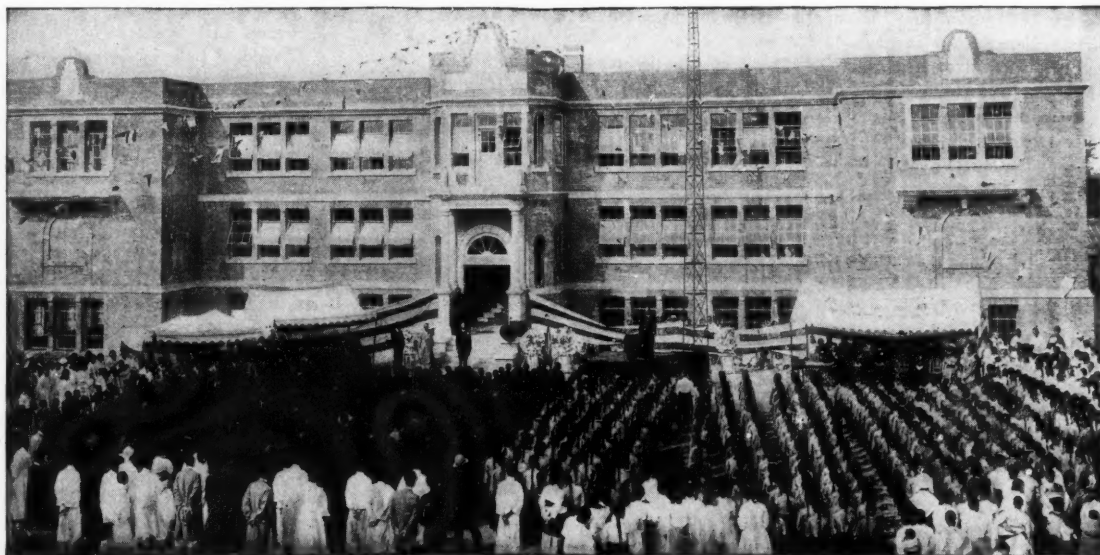
Following the rapid advance of Christ's

Blessed Mother School, Peng Yang's pride and joy, has an enrollment of a thousand pupils. It makes sturdy Catholics of boys and girls who must face life in a great non-Christian city.

cause, I caught up with the Maryknoll Sisters on their daily rounds. It was revealing to find the care, patience, and time required to win over a pagan soul; and to observe the same treatment applied in encouraging the soul, once won, to persevere until baptism. This is heroic work, continuing quietly and lovingly. Without it how many souls would be lost? We dare not think!

The progress which, under God, the Church has made in Peng Yang in the last ten years is evident, consoling. During that time, despite the fact that the present St. Michael's Church has been enlarged to the limit, and that a new parish of St. Mary Magdalen, in charge of our Korean Father Ryang, has been opened, the increase in Catholics demands at least two more parishes to relieve the congestion. Translated into the language of fact, that means, first of all, land—no mean requirement in a city of three hundred thousand, which is rapidly becoming the chief manufacturing center of Chosen, and where a unit of the earth's surface six feet square costs from thirty to six hundred United States dollars.

But then—there's Divine Providence—and you!





Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



Say it with—

PUBLICITY!

OUR Holy Father's mission intention for this month is, "That the Missions may be made known and loved by means of the press, the radio, the theater, and the cinema."

This is the age of propaganda, as well as of special missionary endeavor. Like every other modern interest, missions must be publicized. They must be brought to the attention of the people, if the Kingdom of Christ is to be the reality which the Church intends it should be. Missions, of their very nature, are not to be merely advertised; they must be more fully presented in order to be adequately known and appreciated. That is why our Holy Father chooses for the missions the four chief instruments of propaganda in the modern world.

In modern propaganda, our alert and clever—but misguided—brothers, the Communists, seem to excel all others. There is scarcely a paper, a book, or a magazine open to them, whose every issue does not harbor some reference to Communistic activities or doctrines. In like manner the radio, the theater, and the cinema offer unlimited and eagerly accepted potentialities for the spread of insidious Communistic teaching. Shall it again be repeated that *the children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light*?

Maryknoll has utilized, in a small way, all these means of propaganda; it continues to do so. *THE FIELD AFAR*, *The Maryknoll Junior*, the *Maryknoll Pi-*

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

*Designed to meet your
mission promotion problems.*

1. **Literature Section—** offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section—** provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section—** offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures, and mission exhibits. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section—** is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
5. **Reference and Research Service—** will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos, and general mission information.

ioneer Bulletin, a mission education bulletin for teachers, mission news items to the newspaper world, mission books and pamphlets, are Maryknoll's way of saying it with the press.

Again, on the radio, Maryknoll has made itself heard many times through its mission speakers; once, through a radio play; and for a time, through a Father Chin program for youngsters.

Neither has Maryknoll overlooked the possibilities of the theater. The Maryknoll Play Library is meeting a definite need on the Catholic amateur stage in schools, colleges, seminaries, and parish auditoriums. People tell us that the qual-

ity of Maryknoll plays is at least on a par with the best that is being written and acted by Catholic groups everywhere.

On the screen, a number of Maryknoll silent films and several sound pictures are in constant demand for mission programs.

On learning our Holy Father's October Mission Intention, we promptly began taking stock of ourselves and checking up on our own propaganda activities. What we found, we have tabulated for your use. You can do your part in this great work by sharing with us the fruits of our labors.

Mission Exhibits

TO assist teachers and leaders of church groups, Maryknoll offers a choice of nine small mission exhibits. Each is shipped in a conveniently sized container and may easily be set up on a five-foot table in a hall or classroom. A back curtain which may be attached to the wall, and informing display cards, accompany each exhibit.

1. A Japanese "O Hina Dan"

This is a replica of an old Japanese Imperial Pavilion, complete with richly costumed figures of the Mikado, his consort, courtiers, and guardsmen.

2. A Picnic in China
3. Home Life in Korea
4. Wedding Bells in Korea
5. A Journey to Japan
6. Tea Time in Japan
7. Peeking at the Philippines
8. In the Land of the Manchu
9. Hawaiian Medley

There is no charge attached to this service other than an offering to cover cost of transportation. When convenient, exhibits should be requested at least two weeks before the date of showing.

A Noteworthy Mission Book

Missionary Education of Adults. By John Leslie Lobingier. New York: Missionary Education Movement of the United States and Canada. 1938. Cloth, \$1; paper, 60 cents.

It is its purpose which gives this book

Date

Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau,
Maryknoll, New York.

Dear Fathers,

Please send me a catalogue of Maryknoll publications and other mission-education material.

Name

Address

value. Is the task of mission education something set aside merely for missionaries and children in the school? Or, are the entire clergy and laity called upon to know, love, and serve the apostolate of Christ?

The missions—the knowledge, the love, and the service of them—are the work of the Church as a whole, of the Mystical Body of Christ, whose members are men and women, boys and girls, in every state of life. Unless we realize this fundamental fact, we cannot intelligently take up a book such as John Leslie Lobingier has written and understand its message. The zeal, the strong purpose, of this non-Catholic clergyman and his church members may well put us to the blush, for they have caught the meaning of that command of Christ to His Church, *Go, preach the gospel to every creature*; and they act upon it according to their lights.

If only for the healthy edification its pages afford, we suggest the reading of *Missionary Education of Adults*. With the edification comes the conviction that we as Catholics, who claim to be the true followers of Christ, need to brush up on our understanding of the missionary work of the Church. We all are ready to acknowledge the Church as one, holy, and catholic; too often we lose breath before we reach apostolic, that fourth essential mark by which the true Church is known.

In reading through its 182 pages of practical suggestions and experiences, a mental footnote of our own kept recurring: these people, who have no parochial schools nor obligatory regular church attendance to aid them in daily or weekly inculcation of their teachings, make the best of their limited opportunities by studying, appreciating, and serving the mission work of their sect at church meetings and periodic gatherings. Whereas, our Catholic people from infancy to old age have the message of Christ constantly present to their consciousness. Do our parochial and Sunday schools, our parish clubs and sodalities duly emphasize apostolicity as a positive necessity to personal sanctity? This is what our Holy Father, Pius XI, teaches concerning Catholic Action, surely: the altruistic viewpoint of Christ in action between clergy and laity, between nation and nation, between race and race, between home missionaries and foreign missionaries, between the life in the parish and the life in the world. The parish is called upon to accept missions as parochial responsibility, just as the Church, of which it is a small counterpart, does; not as an elective thing to support, but as an absolute responsibility. The Church is essen-

GOD'S work is done through human agencies, and much is left unaccomplished when we fail to act.

tially an apostolic organization; each of its parishes, each of its members should be the same.

Mission education means far more than the money support with which too many of us associate our duty to the missions. To quote Dr. Lobingier: "To urge gifts from adults who have no conception of the cause, and therefore no interest in it, many bring money . . . but it will not build new and permanent interests." That the Church is striving to do more than encourage financial aid from its members is acknowledged even by our non-Catholic friends. To wit, the author again: "The world has become picture-minded

. . . the Roman Catholic Church has long utilized this picture interest in presenting missionary work to its constituency."

The author mentions "pioneers" in mission work, non-Catholic persons who have blazed missionary trails; he does not mention those first great pioneers of the world's apostolate: SS. Peter and Paul, the Apostles, St. Francis Xavier, and the host of others whose names are synonymous with missionary endeavor.

Dr. Lobingier is to be thanked for stirring up any dangerously lethargic spiritual inactivity on the part of his readers. Our age is of all ages the golden millennium of the apostolate, of apostolic action. The reader will never rest satisfied with his unapostolic inactivity after reading Dr. Lobingier's practical little guide to mission education; strange to say, the Catholic reader will be stung into Catholic Action by a non-Catholic idealist.

—M. F.

DRAMA and MISSION CLUBS

Make your bow at the opening of the fall season as the curtain rises for a

MARYKNOLL PLAY



Flower of the Iroquois—

Based on the life of Kateri Tekakwitha, this play has become increasingly popular in view of the acceptance of the Indian Maid's Cause for Canonization.

Three copies for \$1

For Greater Glory—

Boys will like this one-act play which relives the youth of St. Francis Xavier.

Three copies for 50 cents

The Plot Quickens—

A humorous one-act mission play which clubs and sodalities will welcome.

Four copies for \$1

The Rejected Doll—

Children enjoy performing this short mission play written especially for them.

Four copies for 50 cents

Our World of Missions

Our note pages on men
and things missionary

PERHAPS you ruminate from time to time on the course of the world. Do the local defeats of Catholics, the successes of anti-Catholic campaigns, the weaknesses of some of the Catholic leaders, shake your confidence?

They do not shake the confidence of the Holy Father. Experience with men, familiarity with history, trust in Providence, prompt him to keep his eyes on the whole picture, to distinguish between losing a battle and losing a campaign, to remember that God never loses.

Not that the Pope does not feel keenly the Church's reverses. Recently, for instance, he spoke of "these sad days through which the Father of the great Catholic family passes, watching and thinking of what is happening among these ancient Christian peoples of the old world of Europe, nearest him." "Truly," he added, "it is something to make one weep."

But his vision embraces the entire world, and Pius XI finds consolations to balance the woes of Europe. "Our heart and our eyes," he says, "are, as it were, forced to turn for a moment from this sorrowful spectacle to contemplate with joy the sight of vast, distant, beautiful, and promising regions where the magnificent harvests of the missions germinate, take on growth, flourish, and advance to maturity."

These words were uttered recently to the Superior Council of the Pontifical Mission Societies. Addressing specialists in mission matters, the Holy Father proceeded to enlarge upon his observation. He said that the state of the missions invokes serene satisfaction.

"This is true," noted the Pope, "even where one would expect it least, where one might suppose that the storms of fire and blood would destroy everything. [Undoubtedly, the Pope refers here to China.] Instead, the missionary efforts there continue to multiply themselves in tireless and profitable labor."

The Holy Father then peered beyond the present and added: "One would say that Divine Providence, to which the future belongs, is preparing great things in these vast, immense continents. What will these Christian centers be in fifty, a hundred, two hundred years? What compensation will they provide for the defections of the old world? All this prompts one to think, to ponder, to hope delicious-

ly amid so many reasons for sorrow."

It is interesting to recall after reading these words that some twenty-five years ago an eminent Protestant writer, Doctor Workman of London, said: "In the seventh and eighth centuries the Roman Church established herself by the response she gave, under the lead of Gregory the Great, to the call of the barbarians, Saxons, Danes, and the like. In the twentieth century the Church or denomination that arises to the need of China or Japan or India—be she Protestant or Roman—will be the Church of the future, in spite of all *a priori* reasonings or prepossessions. Hers will be the logic of established fact."*

Certainly it would appear that the Church is exploiting our century's great opportunity in souls. We can with the Pope "hope deliciously" for abundant harvest.

*Dr. H. B. Workman, "Methodism," London 1912, p. 6

Page One of The Times—

It proved quite a novelty to find a missionary sermon by the Holy Father on the front page of *The New York Times* and featured by the press of the world.

With the shifting scenes through the centuries, almost every doctrine of the Church has been assailed; it is now the turn of the unity of mankind under God. Exaggerated nationalism, first propounded by the Nazis and now, apparently, by the Fascists, has sought to bolster the spirit at home by sowing disdain and hatred for all abroad. The Pope has entered his protest.

"The words of the *Credo* are the first words issued from the Apostolic College, the first formula of evangelical teaching promulgated as commanded by Christ's words, 'Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' And the *Credo* says, 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church.'"

"But Catholic means universal, and Catholic Church means universal church. The contrast between exaggerated nationalism and Catholic doctrine is evident. The spirit of this nationalism is

"I was homeless, and you took me in."

An asylum for destitute, aged fathers and mothers in the Orient would establish an appropriate memorial to your own beloved parents. Write us.

contrary to the spirit of the *Credo* and is contrary to the Faith. . .

"It is a matter by now of a true form of apostasy. . . It is the whole spirit of the doctrine that is contrary to the Faith of Christ. 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church'; that is, in everything that has to do with the redemption and sanctification of the world. This other doctrine means everything that is the contrary."

With the Pope thus crying out across the continents, the thoughtless Catholic who is wont to remark peevishly, "I don't believe in missions," will realize that his words are in essence a declaration of apostasy.

O.P. Missionary Tenth—

Father Gillet, Master General of the Dominicans, received from the Holy Father the advice that he visit all the missions of his Order. The Master General caught the force of the suggestion immediately. "A chief should be acquainted," he said, "if he would command effectively. One is acquainted only imperfectly by the agency of others; one can be well acquainted only through personal contact."

Hence, he undertook an extensive journey, during 1937, to all the countries of the Far East where Dominicans labor. Of the sixty-five hundred members of the order, over six hundred are in the missions. Of the latter, some twenty-five are from the United States. Passing through Paris on his return, Father Gillet could not disguise his admiration for the missionary tenth of the Order.

"The dominant impressions?" he commented. "There is but one, one only, which outdistances by far all others. I come back filled with unbounded admiration for our missionaries. They all possess a remarkable *élan* despite the difficult conditions under which they must work."

"They understand their task. They love it. Not a single Dominican missionary asked me directly or indirectly to be recalled. Not a single one asked me to change his post. As a religious, this stands as the greatest memory of my life. As Master General, it makes me extremely proud of them. They have accomplished and continue to accomplish daily admirable things and speak so little of them."



A Korean artist at the Benedictine Monastery, Tokugen, Korea, making church decorations for the thirty mission stations in the district staffed by the Benedictines. This monastery is a branch of the Archabbey of St. Odile near Munich.

Japanese in Brazil—

Compared with the successes achieved in Brazil, the work among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast has as yet reached but modest proportions.

The Jesuits have been among the hundred thousand Japanese in southern Brazil about Sao Paulo since 1926, under the leadership of Father Del Toro, S.J. They have conferred Baptism on some thirty-five hundred. Five priests are assisted by seven Brothers and scholastics, by four Sisters, and by a squad of Japanese and Brazilian lay teachers. A flourishing grade school counts 300 pupils; the high school enrollment is forty.

Most interesting in this development is

the fact that many Japanese Government officials have encouraged Japan's emigrant sons to accept the religion of Catholic Brazil and thus remove the handicap of paganism. In the United States, it would seem that paganism is not regarded as a heavy handicap. Nevertheless, the Japanese are more easily approached when living among us than in their native villages of the homeland. The Jap-

ALL Maryknoll priests offer their Friday Masses for benefactors. Besides these Masses, benefactors share in the prayers and sacrifices of our students, Brothers and Sisters, and in the prayers of the Christians on the missions.

anese anywhere on the two American continents present a special opportunity for the Faith.

"Nil Actum"—

"*Nil actum si quid agendum.*" Certainly here lies a program worthy of the man who serves Jesus Christ. If we cast a passing glance at the graphs in black and white, so sad but so eloquent, which give us the proportion between those who have been ransomed and those who have not, between the world which has some idea of the truth which saves and the great mass without any such notion, what burning significance these words assume—"Nil actum si quid agendum"—"Nothing done but that something remains to be done."

"Thank God, much has been done, and we must rejoice at it; but much remains to be done, and the Lord will help us do it."

Striking words, regardless of who utters them, but meaningful indeed when we know that they are from Pope Pius XI. The motto "*Nil actum*" is a favorite of the Holy Father. Along the same line is his "*Sempre più, sempre meglio*," "Ever more, ever better." We have a realist as Pope, who despite his eighty years looks forward, not backward.

Belgium Views Our Negro Problem—

It helps to see ourselves as others see us. A magazine in Belgium, "*Revue de l'Aucam*," a vigorous organ of Catholic student mission action, takes a glance at the problem of the conversion of our Negroes.

The Belgians begin by noting that we report for last year the conversion of 4,480 Negroes in the United States. Pretty good, they say—"un beau chiffre." But then slyly they turn their eyes to a portion of the globe for which Belgium is responsible and to the conversion of which Belgium Catholics have given themselves for the past decade, the Belgian Congo.

The magazine notes that the Negro population of the Belgian Congo is practically the same as the Negro population of the United States—thirteen million. They note then that, against our last year's figure of 4,480 converts, their missionaries in the Congo report 120,000 converts. Against our total Catholic population of 300,000 Negroes, the Catholic population in the Congo is 1,767,492.

It looks as if the Belgians, despite the fact that they must journey out to the heart of the African jungle, are doing a better job for Holy Mother Church than we.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS

Another Milestone in Korea

FIFTEEN years ago this autumn, six Maryknoll Sisters landed in Gishu, Korea—a sprawling city of low mud-huts, most of them straw-thatched, some of them roofed with gay colored tiles. On the hilltop above were the brick church and the convent they were to occupy.

Soon they discovered that the only other white person in the city was the pastor, Father Cleary of Maryknoll. Rice, millet, and cabbage were the only foods they could buy in Gishu shops. Meat could be had once in five days, when market was held.

All too soon they discovered also that they had arrived just in time for the long Korean winter. There was a stove in every room, but the only fuel was soft coal, which burns out about as fast as a Roman candle. Water poured into glasses while breakfast was being prepared was sometimes frozen when the Sisters sat down to eat. The weekly wash froze before it dried. Some days they had to use the back door, because the front one was frozen shut. They read their Christmas mail in the cellar, which proved to be the easiest place to keep warm.

These things are now mostly forgotten, or remembered only to be laughed at. What the Sisters remember most is their struggle with the Korean language—by some considered unlearnable—a hard enough task in itself, but harder still because it delayed the work they had come to do. "Without the language,

both hands and tongues are tied," wrote one of them.

Meantime, many things have been learned besides the Korean language, practical things like the discovery that Korean houses are built for Korea, so that new missions are now established in easily heated native dwellings instead of big, drafty, European-built houses.

Surviving that first winter, planting the first garden in the spring, singing the first time for High Mass, teaching catechism in Korean for the first time—these were milestones in the early days. Then came the more important days when a new mission, a school, or a dispensary was opened. Finally, came the opening of a native novitiate at Peng Yang, in 1932, for the training of Korean girls to form a new native Sisterhood.

In Korea the Maryknoll Sisters now have five missions altogether. When the eight Sisters recently assigned to Korea reach their destination there will be thirty-one Maryknoll Sisters in Korea. In every mission, the Sisters visit native women in their homes, teach catechism, do the sacristy work, train the choir. School, orphanage, old folks' home, and dispensary all take their place in the mission program.

The fifteen Koreans and one Japanese who were received as novices in the new Congregation of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, June 27, 1938. With them in the photo are two Maryknoll Sisters—Sister Sylvester, of Ardmore, Pa., and Sister Agnita, of Chemulpo, Korea—and nine aspirants.

In Shingishu, for example, there is Blessed Mother Dispensary, which was described recently by a visitor from the States as "one of the best equipped along the mission trail." The visitor may have referred thereby to the new brick building and its physical equipment, but we suspect he referred also to the staff, which includes a Sister Doctor, a Sister Pharmacist, and a Sister Nurse. During the flood last October, over a thousand refugees were treated in one week.

In Yeng You there is an Industrial Department where Korean girls do fine cross-stitch embroidery and make novelties of Oriental design, the sale of which in the United States helps to maintain the mission and also fills the rice bowls of the little embroiderers. Some of these girls, who for one reason or another must be cared for by the mission, live on the mission compound. It may be a little girl whose Catholic mother died and whose pagan father sold her to a pagan family. Hearing of this, priests and Sisters may have searched a year or two before finding her. If they succeeded in this, it is probably possible for the mission to buy her from the pagan family. Naturally, the Sisters must care for her. Other little workers live at home. One such little seamstress has a blind mother and a crippled father. She has been baptized and has converted her mother. Now both are trying to win over the father. It is through the daily hour of religious instruction, when all work stops, that the Industrial Depart-





Learning cross-stitch embroidery at the Maryknoll Industrial School in Peng Yang. Between stitches they learn about the Cross and Christ.

ment wins for Christ many a little girl who, in turn, converts one or both of her parents.

One of the first six who spent that long winter in Gishu is now Superior at Peng Yang, where for six years the Maryknoll Sisters have been training Korean girls to become native Sisters. The development of a native Sisterhood in Oriental countries presents many difficulties. Not only is marriage universal for women in most Oriental countries, but girls are bought and sold like any other property, sometimes as slaves, sometimes as brides. The giving in marriage usually occurs between the ages of twelve and fourteen, though it may occur much earlier. This means that vocations to the religious life must be fostered among little girls of twelve or under. Just as in our own country, it is chiefly through the influence and the example of Sisters that young girls are inspired to enter the convent. There, however, Sisters are few and scattered. There are also strong forces of opposition, even the most devout Catholic families being surrounded, outside their own homes, by an atmosphere of superstition and pagan morality.

Despite all these obstacles, in the Prefecture of Peng Yang, with its handful of Catholics in a population of nearly three million non-Christians, there are now twenty-five native girls being trained by the Maryknoll Sisters in the native novitiate opened in 1932 by the Maryknoll Fathers. The novitiate is under the direction of Rev. W. R. Booth, M.M., Administrator of the Prefecture, who is guiding the establishment of this new re-

ligious community.

On June 27, 1938, in the Maryknoll Sisters' chapel in Peng Yang, one Japanese and fifteen Korean postulants prostrated themselves before the altar and, after asking God's mercy and admission to the religious life, they each received the habit, white veil, medal, rosary, and religious name, becoming thereby the first novices in the new Congregation of the Sisters of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The ceremony of their reception preceded the Solemn High Mass, celebrated by Father Booth, who was assisted by Father Cleary and by Father Hong, a Korean. The sermon was preached by

another Korean priest, Father Ryang.

A letter from an eye-witness says that the ceremony was carried out with the precision one might expect in an old, long-established community, and describes the Gregorian chant as "the most beautiful I have ever heard." The letter goes on to say: "I had often heard instructors of liturgical music speak of lifting the voice. I never really understood what this means until I heard the clear, limpid tones of these Korean girls."

For the Maryknoll Sisters, this day marked the fruition of six years of pioneer effort in the training of native Korean Sisters. For the Maryknoll Fathers, it was one more achievement in their efforts to develop as rapidly as possible, in each of their mission territories, both native clergy and native religious.

When a young girl anywhere in the world receives the religious habit and dons the novice's white veil, it is an important milestone in her own life. That rare occasion when a new Sisterhood comes officially into being by the clothing of its first group of novices with the religious habit is the first significant milestone in the history of the community. When in Peng Yang, Korea, on the Feast of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, 1938, sixteen native novices received the habit, it was truly a milestone for Maryknoll-in-Korea.

—S. V. F.

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Sister Edwardine, a registered nurse of Bamberg, Ont., Can., mothers some little undernourished Korean tots.



Father Barry

MATRICULATION IN ASSORTED CALORIES—

Stolen from Monsignor Byrne's "Bamboo Wireless," which broadcasts now and then from Japan.

IT was Thursday eve last, shortly before midnight's witching hour. All was quiet along the Potomac, while around the new South Kyoto rectory things were so deadly still that the moping owl was at a complete loss how to live up to his reputation when the moon should arrive.

Father Daly, the pastor, was away on a little fishing (i.e. missionary) trip, and in his little trundle bed on the second floor, six feet of Father Thomas Barry, plus his other two, were sampling tired nature's sweet restorer, after a hectic day of language plodding. This kind of day always bring in its wake sweet and envious dreams of the gift of tongues, coming down upon the Apostles at Pentecost. Ah, those were the days!

Rudely the pioneering curate was reclaimed to the land of the rising sun by clamor from below, where the cook was sounding the tocsin on all wave lengths to tell him the house was afire.

Father did not stop to shave!

Naturally, his first thought was for the chapel. Standing not upon the order of his going, he sped at once, on wings, to the adjacent pro-basilica, only to find that the tinder wood, pressed-straw flooring and paper partitions of the usual Japanese dwelling had already produced such a raging inferno that entry was impossible. It was here that the fire had started, from defective wiring.

Fortunately the Blessed Sacrament was not yet being reserved, as the chapel had just been opened and was still incomplete. Unfortunately, of the chalices, monstrance, altar, vestments, and statues, nothing whatsoever could be saved. All was an absolute loss.

Finding the chapel section of his demesne absolutely hopeless, Father Barry would fain humor a surging yen for home sweet home, so climbed back to his own diggings to salvage a thing or two

before breakfast. Hardly more than one or two, since well-fed fires develop speed mania, and Father Tom had scarcely time to rescue more than a few books when the next-room floor collapsed, the stairs followed suit for a grand slam, and exit was clearly indicated by red lights.

The drama ends with Father Tom showing an unsuspected facility in second-story work by the ease of his descent, breviary in hand, from window to porch roof, and thence by Guardian Angel and a few bruises to mother earth and safety.

As Father stood there, barefoot, in his pajamas and bathrobe, did he shiver in the chilly night? Not a bit. There was such a nice warm fire. Did he then pick up the mandolin a kind neighbor had salvaged, and chant the plaintive lay:

*From the time you are born
Till you ride in the hearse,
There's nothing so bad
That it couldn't be worse!*

No, he didn't. He was busy with the kindnesses of sympathetic neighbors, who, with the abundant courtesy of the Japanese, were proffering whatever they thought might in some way supply a need, be it clothing or blankets or gladly accorded shelter. This much is beyond controversy, that if you must have a fire, then the best place in the whole world for it is among the Japanese. Because here the whole local world comes to your relief forthwith.

"God is Charity"

The missionary endeavors to show forth Christ by extending charity to all the needy. Help him to reach souls and to save them. Write for a Charity Dime Card and aid: a leper, an orphan, a blind person, a sick person, an aged person, an abandoned babe, a hungry person, a cripple, a homeless person, and an insane person.

Hours later, in a lull, Father Tom got out the relic breviary with which he had made the happy landing, and started to intone his orisons for the new day. The proper place was marked with a holy card; the card bore a legend from Blessed Père Eymard; the legend read:

"O Jesus! Give to us holy priests, priests of fire."

Do Korean Catholics Persevere?

Father Donald V. Chisholm, of Cambridge, Mass., backs his answer with substantial proof.

WHEN I was in America on fur-
lough a few years ago, I did my best to inform my friends of what we were doing in Korea. One question which I was frequently called upon to answer was, "Do Korean Catholics persevere?" and it has occurred to me to make a survey of one old Christian family and accept it as a type. I have chosen a family, most of whose members are known to me personally—the Youn family of Moktjairi.

Shortly before 1866, the year when the last dreadful persecution in Korea began, Bishop Berneux baptized three young men, Paul, Joseph, and Thomas Youn, and their ten-year-old brother Pius. All four brothers are now dead, but they have been blessed with 336 descendants by blood. These descendants form the subject of my survey: 208 are living, of who 129 are of age to receive the sacraments and 79 are children under seven or eight years.

The incidence of persecution and vicissitudes of time have had effect, and there are now sixteen unbaptized, including four infants. There are also three adult Catholics who are not in any sense practical. But there are 114 who are making sincere efforts to lead Christian lives, and 75 young children who will reach the age of reason in truly Catholic homes. But to take count of the living only gives an incomplete picture. Eighteen adults and 109 infants have died as Catholics, and only one adult and four infants have died unbaptized.

To my mind, these figures indicate that Korean Catholics can show a record of perseverance in the Faith and in the practice of religion that cannot be surpassed anywhere. With human nature as it is, there are bound to be defections in any land, but in this family they are few, despite ten years of as cruel a persecution as ever raged on earth, and sixty years of life in a milieu that is still almost wholly pagan.

Paper Doll Contest



Kim and Kee are getting ready for the Korean autumn kite-flying contest. They are so busy thinking about their kite and the contest and the winners' prizes that they have had no time to bother with anything else. How about your dressing them in holiday clothes?

If you would like your Kim and Kee to capture a prize, cut them out and paste them on stiff paper, and dress them in colored paper or cloth. Don't forget the kite! That ought to be colored, too. In fact, the most attractive costumes and kites will be the winners in our Paper Doll Contest.

Fill in the blank below and send it with your Korean Kim and Kee to Father Chin, The Field Afar Office, Maryknoll, New York.

Date

Dear Father Chin,

I wish to enter my Korean Kim and Kee in your Paper Doll Contest, and also to enter my name in your Maryknoll Junior Club. I expect to receive THE MARYKNOLL JUNIOR free and to take part in Maryknoll Junior activities.

My Name Age

My Address

Directory of Maryknoll Missions

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Where do they labor?

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THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, the size of Ohio. Population 6,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

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Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, China

Wuchow—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, the size of Mass., Conn. and Delaware. Population 3,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Frs. V. Walsh and Wieland, of Ia.; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Gilleran, Langley, Lynch, Mulcahy, of Mass.; Fr. Mulligan, of N. J.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin and Schulz, of N. Y.; Frs. Mihelko and Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gillogly, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi Province, China

Kaying—

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most. Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Frs. Quinn and

Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. A. Briggs, Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher, Reardon and Welch, of Mass.; Frs. Dennis, Hanrahan, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattey, Van den Bogaard and Youker, of N. Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, M. Duffy, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Frs. J. F. Donovan and O'Day, of R. I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
Kaying, Via Swatow, China

Kweilin—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, the size of Mass., Conn., and Delaware. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. John Romaniello, *Prefect Apostolic*, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Fr. Glass, of Iowa; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Frs. Keelan, Lacroix, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Fr. T. Bauer, of N. Y.; Frs. Daubert and Wolotkiewicz, of Pa.; and Fr. Kelliher, of Wash.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Kweilin,
Kwangsi Province, China

Kyoto—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, including the city of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population 2,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*,

of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Fr. Merfeld, of Ia.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, E. Briggs, Mackesy, Mailhot, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
St. Francis Xavier's Church,
Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

Fushun—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apos. Del., Peiping); Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Fisher, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohlfield, of Neb.; Frs. Pheur and Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, E. Manning, J. O'Donnell, Ziembra and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. Mullen and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
Fushun, Manchukuo

Peng Yang—

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Fr. Pospichal, of Ia.; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Joseph Daly, Hunt, Pelouquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh and Bros. Raymond and William of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Coxen, Dunne, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; Fr. Allie, of Wis.; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
P.O. Box 23, Peng Yang, Korea

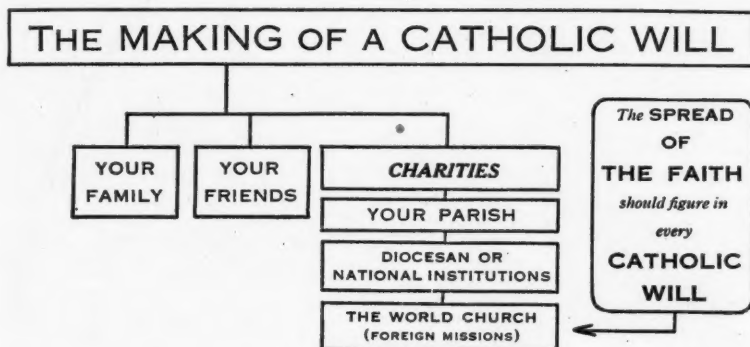
The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given on this page.

The Maryknoll Fathers also have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast.

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